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Comment references to this page (1): E. T. Merrill, Comment on Catullus, 64 Cross-references in general dictionaries for this page (2): Lewis & Short, cōraLewis & Short, saucous BOOK 1 Storm, Aeneas & Dido Part I BOOK 2 Aeneas ' Tale: Sack of Troy BOOK 3 Aeneas' Tale: The Voyage BOOK 4 Aeneas & Dido Part II BOOK 5 Funeral Games of Anchises BOOK 6 The Cumaean Sibyl Journey to the Underworld BOOKS 7 - 12 [1] But the Queen , long in love with a severe pain of love, feeds the wound with his vital blood, and is wasted with invisible fire. Oft to your mind runs back the value of the hero, oft his glorious stock; her appearance and words quickly cling to her boin, and longing retains calm rest from her limbs. [6] The dawn of the next day was illuminating the earth with phoebus's lamp, and had spread from the sky the dewy tones, when, very disturbed, she speaks so with her sister, sharing her heart: Anna, my sister, what dreams thrill me with fears? Who is this strange guest who came into our house? How noble your countenance! What courage in the heart and feats of weapons! I believe well – nor my vanity confidence – that it is arisen from the gods. It's fear that proves that souls were born at the base. Unfortunately by what fate is that he annoyed? What fears, long lasted, he told! If the purpose were not planted in my mind, fixed and immovable, to ally myself with none in marriage bond, since my first love, turning traitor, deceived me by death; if I wasn't tired of the bridal bed and torch, for this flaw, perhaps, I could have given in! Anna – for I will possess it – since the death of my unfortunate Lord Sychaeus, and the destruction of our house for the murder of a brother, he alone influenced my will and brought down my staggering soul. I feel again a spark from that old flame. But instead, I would pray, that the earth would yawn for me to its depths, or that the Almighty Father throws me with his screw into the shadows – the pale shadows and the abysmal night in Erebus – before, Shame, I violate you or break your laws! He who first called me to himself took away my heart; that he can keep it with him, and keep him in the grave! Then, saying, she filled her chest with tears. [31] Anna replies: O you who is more dear to your sister than the light, you are, lonely and sad, will yearn all your youth for a long time, and do not know sweet children or rewards of love? Do you think dust or buried shadows give it pity? Grant that so far no woovers have moved their sadness, not in Libya, not before that in Tyre; that Iarbas was despaired, and other lords whom the African land, rich in triumphs, creates; Will you also fight with a love that pleases? And that doesn't come to your mind on whose land you've established yourself? On this side, the Gaetalian cities, an invincible race in the war, unbribeled, and the few friends Syrtis hem you; on that side is a barren tract with drought, and Bargesans, furious far and wide. Why talk about the wars that rise from Tyre, your brother's threats... I certainly believe it was with the favor of the gods gods Juno's help that the Ilian ships have maintained their course here with the wind. What city will you see rise here, my sister, what a kingdom, because of such a marriage! With your cranos arms beside us, how high will punic glory rise? Just ask for favoritism from the gods and, with sacrifice properly offered, be lavish with your welcome, and weaves requests for delay, while at sea's winter rages fiercely and Orion is stormy – while ships are destroyed, and the skies intractable! [54] With these words, she shook the queen's heart in flames, placed hope in her faltering mind, and lost the bonds of shame. First they visit the shrines and process for peace at every altar; they duly kill sheep chosen for Ceres, the giver of the law, for Phoebus and father Lyaeus, especially for Juno, guardian of the bonds of marriage. Dido, innoxious in beauty, with glass in hand, pours libation in the middle of the path between the horns of a white heifer, or in the presence of the gods moves slowly to the rich aisle, and day after day renews his gifts, then, looking at the open breasts of the victims, consults the bowels trembling. Ah, the blind souls of the glass! What good is vows or sanctuaries for a savage of love? All the while the flame devours its suit heart cords, and deep in its chest lies the silent wound. Dido unfortunate burns, and the city wanders in frenzy – even as an ass, wounded by an arrow, which, all unwary, in the midst of the Cretan forest, a shepherd hunting with darts pierced from afar, leaving in his steel alate, unknowingly: it in flight varies the dictaena forest and clearings, but fast at his side grabs the deadly axe. Now, in the middle of the city, she leads Aeneas with her, and displays her Sidonian wealth and the built city; she starts talking and stops with the word half-spoken. Now, as the day subsides, she seeks the same feast, again in her madress longs to hear Ilium's sorrows and again hangs over the speaker's lips. Then, when everyone went through his ways, and in turn the weak moon sinks its light, and the stars of the sceneries invite her to sleep, alone she cries in the empty hall, and falls on the couch he left. Although absent, each of each, she hears him, she sees him, or, captivated by her father's gaze, she holds Ascanius in her lap, in case she can deceive a passion beyond any expression. No more climbing the initiated towers, no longer doing the youth luxuriance of weapons, or toil in paradises or bulwarks for security in war; the works are broken and idle – large menacing walls and cranes that touch the sky. As soon as Jove's beloved wife saw that Dido was kept in such a fatal passion, and that his good name was now not a bar for his frenzy, Saturn's daughter approaches Venus like this: Splendid indeed is the praise and rich spoils you earn, you and your boy; powerful and glorious is divine power, if a woman is subjugated cunning of two gods! No, it doesn't escape me as, afraid of our city, you've been suspecting Carthage's houses. But what will be the end? E E is the goal of all this competition now? Why don't we strive for lasting peace and a marriage in action? What you have sought with all your heart that you have: Dido is on fire with love and has attracted madness through its veins. Let us then rule this people together with equal sovereignty; let her serve a Frigian husband and surrender her tyrians to her power as a giver! [105] For her – because she knew that with feigned purpose she had spoken, to transform the empire of Italy to the shores of Libya – Venus thus began in response: Who so mad as to refuse such terms, or would rather fight you in the war, as long as Fortune favors the fulfillment of her word? But the Destinies lead me adrift, uncertain whether Jupiter wants there to be a city for the Tyrians and the Wanderers of Troy, or approves of the mixture of peoples and the league of union. You're his wife. It's cool for you to try to persuade your heart with supplication. Go ahead; I'm going to follow! Then Queen Juno thus replied: With me the current purpose can be achieved, Hecaton and I will explain soon. Unhappy Aeneas and Dido plan to hunt together in the forest, so tomorrow's sun shows their ascent and with its rays reveals the world. On them, as the hunters run back and forth and strap the clearings with nets, I'll pour out of a black rain mixed with hail, and wake up all the welkin with thunder. The company must spread and be veiled in the darkness of the night; to the same cave will come Dido and the Trojan chief. I will be there and, if I can be sure of their goodwill, will bind them in right marriage, resigning it to their own; This must be your bride! Yielding to his suit, the Ciférangave assent and smiled at the cunning discovery. Meanwhile, Dawn got up and left the ocean. When the sunlight burst, there are problems of the gates a group of chosen young people; with blended nets, toils, wide-tipped hunting spears, there are massy knights and their strong, fragrant dogs. While the queen remains in her bow, the Punic princes wait for her at the door; His bouncing steed is shiny in purple and gold, and proudly chomps the foam part. Finally she leaves, in the presence of a powerful crowd, and dressed in an embroidered Sidonian robe. Her tremor is gold, her tresses are tied in gold, a gold buckle tightens her purple robe. With its rhythm a Frigian train and cheerful Lulls. Enéas himself, well beyond everyone else, moves on to join her and unites his hand with hers. As when Apollo leaves Lycia, his winter house, and the streams of Xanthus, to visit his mother's Delos, and renews the dance, and mixes over his Cretans and Dryopes altars and painted Agathyrans raise their voices – he himself steps on the summits of Cynthian, and with soft foliage shapes and ties his flowing locks, braiding her with golden; the rattle axes on his shoulders: then no less lightly than he was Aeneas, such beauty shines forward of noble face! When they reached the heights of the mountains and lairs without a path, wild goats dislodged from the rocky peaks ran across the ridges; elsewhere deer run through the open marshes and amid clouds of dust mass their bands in flight, as they leave the hills behind. But in the midst of the valleys the glories of the young Ascanius in his fiery steed, galloping past these, now those, and prays that among the timorous flocks a foam boar can be granted to his vows or a tawny lion descend from the mountain. Meanwhile, in the sky begins the tumult of a wild uproar; rain follows, mixed with hail. The scattered Tyrian train and the Trojan youth, with the dardian grandson of Venus, in their fear seek shelter here and there over the fields; torrents run down the heights. To the same cave come Dido and the Trojan chief. Primitive Earth and Juno Nuptials give the signal, fires shine in the sky, the witness of his marriage, and at the top of the mountain cried out the Nymphs. On that day, the first of death, the first of the calamity was the cause. For no longer Dido is influenced by a fair show or righteous fame, no longer does she dream of a secret love; she calls it marriage and with that name veils her sin. [173] At the same time, rumors run through the great cities of Libya – Rumor for the fastest of all evils: Speed lends her strength, and she small at first through fear, soon she rises to the sky, and walks on the ground under her head hidden in the clouds. Mother Earth, provoked by anger against the gods, brought her last, they say as sister of Coeus and Encelclae, fast standing and fleet of wings, a terrible and enormous monster, which for the many feathers in her body has so many watchful eyes underneath – wonderful to say – so many tongues, so many sound mouths, as many stinging ears. At night, halfway between heaven and earth, she flies through the darkness, screaming, and does not bow her eyes in sweet sleep; by day, she sits on guard on the high roof or high towers, and afrights large cities, clinging to the false and the wrong, but announcing the truth. Now elated in multiple gossip, she filled the nations and sang in fact and falsehood, as Aeneas is coming, one born of Trojan blood, whom at the wedding fair Dido deigns to join herself; now they while they are far from winter, their entire length, in wanton ease together, without paying attention to their kingdoms and enchanted by shameless passion. These tales the dirty goddess spreads here and there on the lips of men. Straight to King Iarbas she bends her course, and with her words shoots her spirit and heaves her wrath loudly. [198] He, the son of Hammon by a snatched Garamantian nymph, settled on Jupiter in its vast kingdoms a hundred vast temples, one hundred altars, and had sacred the fire of awakening, the eternal sentinel of the gods. The floor was fat with blood beasts and portals flourished with varied garlands. Disturbed in mind and shot with the bitter tale, they say, before the louds and amid the divine presences he often Jove in prayer with his hands turned: Almighty Jupiter, to whom now the Moorish race, partying on embroidered sofas, pour a Linaean offering, do you see these things? Is it in vain. Dad, that we shudder at you when you cast your rays? And aimless fires in the clouds terrify our souls and stir bound without purpose? This woman who, straying within our boundaries, set up a small town at a price, to whom we gave coast to land and terms of possession, rejected my marriage offers, and welcomed Aeneas into her kingdom as lord. And now that Paris with his eunuch train, its chin and fragrant locks tied with a Lydian turban, grabs the spoil; while we bring offerings to your temples, your tooth, and enjoy an idle story. [219] As with such words he pleaded, squeezing the louds, the Almighty listened and turned his eyes to the royal city and the forgotten loves of his noblest fame. So, thus, to Mercury, he speaks and gives this charge: Go ahead, my son, call the Zephyrus, slide on the wings, and talk to Chief Dardan, who now in Carthage is anxious for the Tyrian cities, mindless of those granted by the Destinies; then take my words through the fast winds. Not like this made his lovely mother promise him to us, nor for this twice to resolve him with Graecian arms; but it was he who was to rule Italy, a land full of empire and clamorous with war, deliver a race of leucop's noble blood, and bring the whole world under his laws. If the glory of such a fortune does not dismiss him and, for the sake of his own fame, does he not bear the burden, he, the father, grudge ascanius O the lovers of Rome? What's his plan? In what hope does he cast arms and hostile people and pay no attention to the race of Ausonia and the Lavinian fields? Let him set sail; this is the sum; this is the message of me. [238] He ceased. The god prepared to obey the orders of his mighty father, and first ties on his feet the golden shoes that carry him on wings over sea or land, fast as gale. Then he takes his wand; with it he calls pale ghosts of Orcus and sends others to gloomy tauraus, gives or takes away sleep and unplaces his eyes in death; relying on it, he steers the winds and glides through the stormy clouds. And now in flight he describes the peak and steep sides of the toiling Atlas, which sustains the sky at its peak – Atlas, whose pine head is always braced with black clouds, and hit with wind and rain; the fallen snow mantles his shoulders as rivers plunge into his aged chin and his rough beard is ice. Here, balanced on uniform wings, the cynic first stopped; therefore, with all his frame, he sped down into the waves like a bird, which round the shores, round the fish-haunted cliffs, flies down near the waters. Even so, between the earth and the sky flew the nursing of Cyllene to the sandy coast of Libya, cut off the winds, coming from his mother's father. [259] As soon as his feet were tressed he reached the huts, he sees Aeneas founding towers and his new homes. And his sword was starred in yellow peac, and a robe hanging from his burning shoulders with Tyrian purple – a gift that rich Dido had made, intertwining the web with gold thread. Immediately he attacks him: Are you now laying the foundations of high Carthage, and building a fair city, and all at the whim of a woman? Unfortunately! I never thought of your own kingdom and destiny! The ruler of the gods themselves, who swings heaven and earth with his power, sends me to you on the brilliant Olympus. He even offers me to bring this load through the fast breezes: What are you planning? In what hope do you waste idle hours on Libyan lands? If the glory of such fortune does not move you, and for the sake of your own fame you do not bear the burden, take into account the growth of Ascanius, the promise of Iulus his heir, to whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman land are due. Such words the Cyllinus spoke, and while still speaking left the sight of men and away from his eyes disappeared into the air. [279] But in fact, Aeneas, horrified by the vision, was struck as dumb; his hair rose in terror and his voice choked on his throat. He burns to flee and come out of that pleasant land, admired by this divine warning and commandment. Oh, what to do? What speech do you now dare to approach the frantic queen? What opening words do you choose first? And as he casts his quick mind in this way and who, takes it in different directions and considers all possibilities, this, as he faltered, seemed the best advice; he calls Mnestheus and Sergestus, offering them to prepare the fleet in silence, gather the teams to the coast, and order the weaponry, but hide the cause of their altered plans. Meanwhile, since the gracious Dido knows nothing, nor expects the break of such a strong love, will rehearse an approach and seek the happiest season for speech, the auspicious plan for its purpose. At once all happily obey your command and – like you did. [296] But Queen – who begins, and so alone turns her thoughts in her heart: See, what am I? Should I once again judge my former courtiers, only to be ridiculed, and should I humbly sue for marriage to numidianos, whom I despised as many times as husbands? Should I then follow the Ilian ships and the most absolute commands of the Trojan? Is it because they are grateful for the help given me to Italy... [362] As so she spoke, all the time look at him askance, turning his eyes to and from here, and with silent glances scans all man; then, thus inflamed, cries out. False, no goddess was her mother, nor was she the founder of your line, but brings caucasus on your flinty rocks spawned you, and Hycranian tigers sucked you. Why hide my feelings? What bigger mistakes do I hold on to? Did he sigh as I cried? Did he turn on me? Did he give in and shed tears or did he feel sorry for her that he loved him? What should I say first? What's next? Now neither the mighty Juno nor the Saturnian Lord look at these things with fair eyes! No place faith is safe. I welcomed him, a castaway on the beach, a beggar, and madly gave him a part of my throne; your lost fleet that I saved, your terms that I saved from death. Unfortunately! I'm reshuing the fleet, now the Lycianis oracles, now the messenger of the gods sent from Jove himself, bring through the air this command of dread. In fact, this is work for the gods, this is careful to irritate their pity! Stop you now; I don't dispute your words. Go, go to Italy with the winds; seek his kingdom upon the waves. However, I trust, if the righteous gods have any power, that on the rocks in the middle of the road you will drain the cup of vengeance and often call the name Dido. Though far away, I will pursue you with obscure marks and, when cold death has cut soul and body, everywhere my shadow will haunt you. Relentless, you'll repay! I will listen, and the tale will reach me in the depths of the world below! That said, she interrupts her speech in the middle of the road and flees anguished from the light, moving away, plucking herself from her vision, and leaving him afraid and very hesitant, and ready to say much. Her maids support her, carry her form of fainting to her marble arch, and lay her on her bed. [393] But loyal aeneas, though longing to calm and ease their pain and by his words, stray his sorrow, with many sighs, his soul shaken by his powerful love, but he obeys heaven's orders and returns to the fleet. Then, in fact, your cubs fall to and along the coast launch their tail ships. The keels, well camped, are set aloe; sailors, eager to fly, bring from the forest leary branches to ores and unheated trunks... You can see them moving away and flowing from all over the city. Even when ants, conscious of winter, they sash a huge pile of corn and keep in their home; on the plain moves a black column, and through the grass they carry the spoil on a narrow lane; some tension with his shoulders and heave over the huge grains, some close the rows and rebuke the delay, all the way is shining with work. What feelings were yours. Dido, in such a view or what sighs you uttered, seeing from the top of the fortress the beach shining very and close, and seeing before your eyes all the sea sit with low cries! O unrelenting love, for which you do not lead the warmth of men. Once again she must need to break down in tears once again with prayer, and humbly bow her pride to love, so that she will leave nothing inexperienced and go to death in vain. [416] Anna, you see the hustle and bustle along the coast; from all sides met; along the screen invites the breeze, and the cheerful sailors crowned the stern with garlands; if I had the strength to predict this great sadness, I too, sister, would have the strength to help it. However, this service, Anna, does for me – only for you that the traitor made your friend, for you you confided even your secret thoughts, only you will know the time for easy access to it – go, sister, and humbly address the altar myself. I never conspired with the Danaans in Aulis to eradicate the Trojan race; I never sent a fleet to Pergamum, nor did I tear the ashes and disturb the spirit of his father Anchises. Why does he refuse to admit my words to stubborn ears? Where does he rush to? This, the last benefit, let you grant to your poor lover: let him expect an easy flight and favoring the winds. No more do I beg for the old marriage tie which he has forgiven, nor that he will give up Iatium rigorously and renounce his kingdom; by the empty time I ask, peace and postponement to my frenzy, until fortune teaches my defeated soul to suffer. This last grace I long for – your sister's pity – that when he granted it, I will reciprocate with full interest in my death. [437] Such was her prayer and such weeping alliance that the unhappy sister carries again and again. But without tearful appeals he moved, nor in yield humor he pays attention to any word. Fate resists and the sky sealed its mortal ears. Even when the alpine winds of the north, blowing now, therefore now, emotionally strive to pluck a strong oak with the strength of years, comes a roar, the trunk trembles and the tall leaf spreads thick the ground, but the oak clings to the cliff, and as far as it rises its top to the airs of the sky, so far reaches its roots towards hell – even so with incessant appeals, on this side and from this, the hero is slapped, and in his mighty heart feels agony; his mind remains firm; his tears fall to no effect. [450] Then, indeed, admired for his misfortune, unclay dido prays for death: she is tired of looking at the arc of heaven. And to make her more certainly fulfill her purpose and leave the light, she saw, as she put her gifts on the high shism with incense – afraid to count – holy water darkens and the exuded wine turns into disgusting gore. From this vision, she did not speak to anyone – not even her sister. In addition, there was in the palace a marble chapel for her former master, which she cherished in wonderful honor, crowning her with snow wool and festal foliage. Hence she heard, it seems, sounds and speech as her husband calling, whenever the dark night held the world; and alone in the hearts of the house with evil-boding music the owl oft complain, drawing his persistent notes into a lament; and also many a saying of the old glassmakers terrorizes her with fear body. In her fierce sleep Aeneas takes herself into her frenzy, and she and alone she seems to be solitary, always ending, without company, an endless manner, and seeking their tyrians in an abandoned land – how delusional pentheus sees the bands of the Bacchantes, and a double sun and thebes twice rise to see; or, as when Agamemnon's son, Orestes, persecuted by the Furies, flees from his mother, who is armed with marks and black serpents, while at the door crushed avenging Demons. [474] Then, when, worn with anguish, she took the madness and decided to die, in her own heart she determines the time and manner, and approaches her sad sister, with men who veils her plan and on her forehead a cloudless hope. My sister, I have found a way - I wish joy to your sister - to return it to me or free myself from my love for him. Near the ocean and sunset is Ethiopia, farthest from the lands, where the most powerful atlas on this shoulder turns the sphere, insinuate with bright stars. Then a priestess of the massia race was shown to me, director of the fane of the Hesperides, who gave dainties to the dragon and kept the sacred arches in the tree, assaulting dewy honey and sleeping poppies. With her spells, she professes to free the hearts of whoever she wants, but in others to bring cruel pains of love; to keep the flow of rivers and return the stars, she wakes up the ghosts of the night; and you will see the earth snoring under your feet and ash trees descending the mountains. I call heaven to testify and you, dear my sister, and your dear life, that against my will I arm myself with magic arts! Secretly raise a pyre in the inner court under the sky, and cown over it are the arms that a heartless left hanging from my bow, and all his costume and the wedding bed that was my ruin. I want to destroy all the memorials of the wretched abominable, and the priestess to direct. Thus, she speaks and is silent; pallor of time overhis face. However, Anna does not think that her sister veils her death under these strange rites; his mind dreams not of such a frenzy nor fears anything worse than when Sychaeus died. So she's ready as forbidden... [505] But the queen, when in the heart of her house the pyre rose to the sky, stacked with pine trunks and cut lex, hangs the place with garlands and crowns it with funeral branches. Upstairs, on the couch, she puts on the dress he wore, the sword he left, and an image of him, knowing what was to come. Around standing high, and with her hair streaming the priestess calls in thunder tones in three times a hundred gods, Erebus and Chaos, and three times Hecate, maiden of three faces Diana. Waters, too, she had sprinkled pretended to be from the spring of Avernus, and herbs were sought, cut in the moonlight with blatant sycois, and juicy with milk of black poison; he also sought the charm of love, plucked from the forehead of a foal at birth before his mother snatched it... She herself, with holy meal and holy hands, stood beside the rehings, one for sparse and loose strap, about to die, she calls the gods and upon the stars, witnesses of her misfortune: So prays for any power, just and conscious, watches over lovers unequally allies. [522] [522] night, and upon the earth weary creatures were tasting the peace of sleep; the wild woods and seas had sunk to rest – the time when the stars roll midway on their sliding course, when all the earth is still, and beasts and colorful birds, both those as far away as near haut the clear lakes, and those who dwell in the prickly thickets of the field, are crazed under the silent night. They were calming their care, their hearts unrelated to sorrows. But not so the Phoenician queen of soul; it never sinks into sleep, nor attracts darkness in eyes or heart. Her pains are redouble, and her love, swelling, arises again, as she rises with a powerful tide of passion. So she begins, and so alone turns her thoughts in her heart: See, what am I? Should I once again judge my former courtiers, only to be ridiculed, and should I humbly sue for marriage to numidianos, whom I despised as many times as husbands? Should I then follow the Ilian ships and the most absolute commands of the Trojan? Is it because they are grateful for the help given me to you? So it was the turn, when you gave your crown. Here is his promise and promise which, they say, carries wit to his ancient gods and gave his worn-out father on his shoulders! Couldn't I have seized him, torn him limb to limb, and scattered the pieces over the waves? Could I not have put his men on the sword, and Ascanius himself, and turned him as a meal at his father's table? But perhaps the question of the battle was dubious? Suppose it had been: condemned to death, whom I had to fear? I should have set fire to his camp, lifted his decks with fire, blacked out father and son along with all the race, and immolated me upon all. The Sun, whose rays research all that is done on Earth; and Juno, agent and witness of unhappy love; Hecate, whose name is mourned by the night on the streets of the city; and Vengeful Furies and Gods of Die Elissa: Hear me now; turn your anger on the sins you deserve, and listen to my prayers! If this bastard must need to reach the port and come to the coast, if Jove's orders so demand and this is the fixed result: even so, beset in war by the arms of a fearless nation, driven from its territory and plucked from the embrace of Iulus, let him beg for help to see his friends cruelly massacred! Not yet, when he has submitted to the terms of an unjust peace, that he enjoy so much of his royalty or the life he desires, but perish before his time and lie down in a solitary shed! This is my prayer; this last statement I pour with my blood. So you tyrians, you hate yours and all the race to come, and to my dust to offer this tribute! Let no lover or treaty unite the nations! They arise from my ashes, an unknown avenger, to harass the Trojan settlers with fire and sword – today, henceforth, whenever the force is ours! That coast with coastal conflict, I pray, and sea with sea, arms with weapons; we have them, themselves and children of their children! [630] With this curse she turned her mind in all directions, seeking how quickly to end the life she ate. Then, briefly, she addressed Barce, Sychaeus' nurse, so that the black ashes of the pyre had been sustained in her country for a long time. Dear nurse, bring my sister Anna here. Offer your haste to sprinkle your body with river water and bring with you the victims and offerings ordered for atonement. That done, let her come; and veil his eyebrows, too, with us, give your gracious help, and in heaven attest to gentle stars! He spoke, and from his bay snatches his flashing sword which I duly ordered and begun, to put an end to my oves, and deliver to the flames the pyre of which I wretched Dardus. She spoke; the nurse hurried her steps with the zeal of an old woman. But Dido, trembling and frantic with his terrible design, rolling bloodied eyes, his trembling cheeks stained with burning spots, and pale on the imminence of death, explodes in the inner courts of the house, climbs the pyre high in a frenzy and scoffs the sword dardan, a gift to the south without such purpose. Then, when she saw the Trojan suit and the family bed, stopping a little in weeping thoughts, she threw herself on the couch and said her last words: O God, she screams, he goes? The intruder must have made our kingdom a joke? The pursuers won't seek weapons and chase the entire city, and some of them speed up ships from the docks? Come on, hurry to bring fire, serve weapons, ply oars! What did I tell you? Where am I? What madness turns my brain? Dido unhappy, only now your sins come home to you? So it was the turn, when you gave your crown. Here is his promise and promise which, they say, carries wit to his ancient gods and gave his worn-out father on his shoulders! Couldn't I have seized him, torn him limb to limb, and scattered the pieces over the waves? Could I not have put his men on the sword, and Ascanius himself, and turned him as a meal at his father's table? But perhaps the question of the battle was dubious? Suppose it had been: condemned to death, whom I had to fear? I should have set fire to his camp, lifted his decks with fire, blacked out father and son along with all the race, and immolated me upon all. 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